

DYSPEPSIA YIELDS

A NINE YEARS' VICTIM FINDS A REMEDY THAT CURES.

For Two Years Too Weak to Work—A Dozen Doctors Had Tried to Check Disease. Treatment That Succeeded.

All sufferers from weakness or disorders of the digestive organs will read with lively interest the story of the complete recovery of Mrs. Nettie Darvoux from chronic dyspepsia which was thought to be incurable.

"To be ailing for nine years is not a very pleasant experience," said Mrs. Darvoux, when asked for some account of her illness. "For two years I was critically ill and could not attend to my household duties, and at one time I was so weak and miserable that I could not even walk. My trouble was chronic dyspepsia. I became extremely thin and had a hollow complexion. I had no appetite and could not take any food without suffering great distress."

"Did you have a physician?"

"Yes, I took medicine from a dozen different doctors, but without getting any benefit whatever."

"How did you get on the track of a cure?"

"A book about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was thrown in our doorway one day. My husband picked it up and read it through carefully. He was so impressed by the statements of those who had been cured by that remedy that he immediately bought three boxes of the pills and insisted on my taking them."

"Did they help you at once?"

"I began to feel better the second day after I started to use the pills and by the time I had taken the three boxes I was entirely well. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure even when doctors fail, and they cure thoroughly, for a long time has passed since my restoration to health and I know it is complete and lasting."

The surest way to make sound digestion is to give strength to the organs concerned. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new vigor to the blood. No other remedy yields such mild results.

Mrs. Darvoux lives at No. 47 Sixth street, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists in every part of the world. Dyspepsia should send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for a new booklet entitled "What to Eat and How to Eat."

Superfluities.

"Sage Advice—Do you know, you don't know what's good for you?"

Frivolous Girl—I don't need to; I have too many friends that tell me without my worrying about it.—Detroit Free Press.

Something New.

One of the most interesting booklets that we have had brought to our attention is gotten out by Dr. C. Pusheck, a practicing physician of Chicago, as an introduction to his remedy, "Pusheck's Kuro." This remedy is making a wonderful record of cures in cases of Rheumatism, Stomach or Liver troubles, Blood and Nerve Diseases, Weakness and general debility. It is for sale at nearly all drug stores, or sent direct from Dr. C. Pusheck, Chicago. The price is \$1.00. This illustrated booklet is mailed free. Write for it.

The woman who can make good butter, darn socks to a frazzle, cook a meal that tickles her husband's ear to the waistband and keep the children's neck and ears clean without figures in a divorce case.—Miller County (Mo.) Autogram.

Write to S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., Kansas City Southern Ry., Kansas City, Mo., for information concerning Free Government Homesteads, New Colony Locations, Improved Farms, Mineral Lands, Rice Lands, and Timber lands, and for copy of "Current Events," Business Opportunities, Rice book, Trip home, etc. Cheap round trip home, etc. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month. The short line to the "Land of Fulfillment."

A warm handshake may do more good than a cold handshake.—Chicago Tribune.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful, Smarting, Hot, Swollen Feet. At All Druggists and Shoe Stores. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The lust for revenue soon says the love of righteousness.—Chicago Tribune.

Dyspepsia of Women

ABSOLUTELY NEEDLESS AGONY

Caused by Uterine Disorders and Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.



Mrs. M. Wright claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by a derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes a disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine-tonic effects also.

As proof of this theory we call attention to the case of Mrs. Maggie Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after everything else had failed. She writes:

"For two years I suffered with dyspepsia which so degenerated my entire system that I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I felt weak and nervous, and nothing that I ate tasted good and it caused a disturbance in my stomach. I tried different dyspepsia cures, but nothing seemed to help me. I was advised to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and was happily surprised to find that it acted like a fine tonic, and in a few days I began to enjoy and properly digest my food. My recovery was rapid, and in five weeks I was a well woman. I have recommended it to many women."

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement, or has such a record of cures of female troubles, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Rice Pudding

In the first place, they were both elderly, sober-minded, dignified people, so there was no possible reason why anyone should be inspired to play ridiculous tricks on them when they finally decided—after 20 years of waiting—to get married and go east on a long wedding trip.

Thomas Carr was 53, a deacon in the First church at home, and a business man of standing and reputation, whose frosty side-whiskers were more likely to inspire respect and awe than levity. Sarah Anderson, his bride, owned to more than 40 summers and possessed a quiet and serene disposition—which latter fact proved, after all, a great blessing.

Then they took care to see that no one was invited to the wedding who might have been moved to do anything foolish in the way of throwing old shoes or rice after the bridal party. And Thomas Carr, with a craft and guile which hurt his conscience, concealed the route they were to take and the hotel they were to stop at in Chicago—at least he thought he did.

No, indeed! There should be no foolishness about their wedding trip. They were too old to be stared and laughed at. On the train to Chicago they sat in the same seat, but Sarah looked out the window, while her newly wedded husband read the morning paper, with hardly a glance in her direction. As a matter of fact, he played the part of an uninterested spectator too well to suit the bride, who, after all, was a woman.

On arriving in the city, they took the common bus and were driven over to the Sherman house, where Thomas wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carr, Earlville, Ill., on the register, without betraying in any way that he was doing anything unusual.

"About two dollars, please," he said.



"YOU'VE FORGOT SOMETHING."

When the clerk asked him what sort of a room he wanted.

"By the way, Mr. Carr," the clerk called after him as he turned to rejoin his wife, "there's a package came by express for you this morning."

"Send it up to the room," said Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Carr had agreed that they would spend a whole week in Chicago. Thomas had arranged to leave his business for a month or two, and there was no reason why they should hurry.

The boy brought in the package. Sarah looked at it, and saw it came from Earlville.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said. Thomas allowed that he had no idea. He tore off the outside wrapper and unpeeled, one after the other, half a dozen other layers of tissue paper. Finally there stood revealed an a large china plate a curious white something, rounding at the top and about the shape of a half watermelon.

"What in all fishhooks is that thing?" asked Thomas. Sarah poked it questioningly with one finger. Part of it broke off and crumbled away into little particles. A look of comprehension, half amused and half angry, came over Sarah's face.

"Why, Thomas, it's a rice pudding," she said.

"A rice pudding, I suppose," she went on with a laugh. "They thought rice in the form of a pudding would be more suitable to our age. But I thought you had concealed our stopping place?"

"What are we going to do with it?" asked Thomas, anxiously. "I can't ask anybody around the hotel to take it away without letting them into the fact that we've just been married."

"Well, Thomas," said his wife, "if we stay here the Earlville people will be sending us all sorts of foolish things. I think we'd better keep right on east. We can take the pudding with us and leave it on the train when we get off. That'll be easy enough."

QUESTION.

Dear heart, if we could walk away under the vines of yesterday, could climb again like laughing Hope each green-clad knoll, such verdant slopes, could sit and see the rivers shine through beech and fir and spruce and pine. Would we achieve all that we knew Of peace and love betwixt us two?

If we could see the clover bloom And catch the far-blown sweet perfume Of the wild flowers of the woods, Know everything that seemed so good In those bright days of youth and me, The shadow of the buckeye tree, And everything, would you not then Speak through your eyes to mine again?

If we could stand beneath the moon In purple shade by the lagoon And see the poplars slim and high In silhouette against the sky, And see afar the city's light, Would you not treasure all we knew?—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

APOLOGY THAT WAS LOST.

Absent-Minded Professor Makes a Mistake in Trying to Do the Polite.

The professor of philosophy, absent-

minded and full of enthusiasm, came into the sitting room, relates Harper's Magazine.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Raymond is!" he exclaimed. "I have just had a pleasant talk with her in the bookstore."

His wife looked up from her sewing. "John!" she exclaimed, "where is your collar?"

The professor of philosophy put his hand to his throat. "I must have left it at the barber shop. Yes, that's it. I went to the barber shop, then to the bookstore. Why," he ended, lamely, "Mrs. Raymond would think it very careless of me to appear in public without my collar, wouldn't she?"

"Rather," said his wife. "Perhaps you'd better call her up and tell her how it happened."

"Exactly," said the professor.

The professor went to the telephone. "Hello, central, hello. Hello—is this Mrs. Raymond? Yes? Well, really, it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Raymond, but, you know, I had been thinking of something very important, and I quite forgot my collar. I—oh!—ah!—good-bye."

The professor suddenly hung up the receiver. He gave utterance to a mild exclamation.

"John!" exclaimed his wife.

"She says she hasn't been out of the house to-day," groaned the professor.

She did the pudding up carefully plate and all, in the various papers which had originally swathed it, while her husband went down to pay his bill and arrange for taking the evening train for the east. When they got into the cab to drive to the station she carried it on her lap. On the way a bright idea seized her.

"Thomas," she said, "we'll leave this pudding right here in the cab. Perhaps the cabman will take it home to his family. I've no doubt it's a good pudding. Looks like one of Cousin Mary's baking to me."

When they got to the railroad station there were two solicitous porters waiting at the entrance to assist passengers but Sarah managed to get Thomas and the other bundles out in safety and then stepped down herself, leaving the pudding lying safely on the seat of the cab. She caught Thomas going down the steps and whispered to him that she had got rid of the incubus.

"Lady, lady," a voice sounded behind her just then. "You've forgot something."

It was the other porter, and in his hand he bore the devoted pudding. He came running down after her and handed over the package with a smile so compelling that Sarah felt forced to ask Thomas for a dime with which to reward him.

"Never mind," she said, "we'll get rid of it on the train, all right." Her husband nodded his head.

"Let's drop it out of the window," she suggested, with a sudden burst of inspiration, after they had found their seats in the sleeper. That seemed a good idea to Thomas, but, unfortunately, the train was one of the latest vestibuled arrangements, with not an unguarded opening from one end to the other.

Thomas wrestled in vain with a window and when the porter was appealed to for assistance he raised the window, indeed, but it was protected by a screen which prevented the egress of anything more substantial than a hairpin. Besides, it was cold outside, and both Thomas and Sarah were presently shivering in the draughts of icy air which swept in on them. They were both relieved when a red-faced man across the aisle leaned over and said in an injured tone: "Say, my baby isn't well, and I wish you'd put that window down."

The porter came and lowered the window with a look on his face that seemed to indicate that the two passengers on that seat were mentally unsound. In the morning, after the berth were made up, Sarah shoved the rice pudding out of sight under the back of one of the seats. Now, she was sure, they would get away from it in safety. They got off at the station, the negro porter assisting. Thomas felt so good at noticing the absence of the pudding that he gave the man 50 cents. They climbed into a cab and were half a block away when their ears were saluted with shrill cries from the rear. The cab came to a stop at the side of the street.

"Heav's a package you left undah the seat, sah," said the negro porter, sticking his head into the open door of the cab. "I done run 'till I will Ah'm out uv here a-catchin' 't to you sah."

Thomas groaned, took and handed the thing in his right hand and handed the porter a quarter with the other.

"Oh, don't, Thomas," his wife pleaded. "If you do, we'll be arrested for littering the streets, I'm sure."

"Do you expect me to carry a rice pudding about on my lap during the whole of our wedding trip, madam?" he demanded, with dignity.

"Just wait till we get to the hotel, dear," she said. "I'll get rid of it, somehow."

For more than a week the unfortunate couple were haunted by that rice pudding. A dozen times they thought they had got rid of it, only to have some porter or other messenger come running after them, panting and out of breath, to restore the treasure and collect his fee for thoughtfulness. Once they tried to feed it to a dog, but the animal turned up his nose at rice and almost bit Thomas, who was trying to force it to eat. They left it in their room in a hotel.

And the boy who carried down their bags brought that also, with the remark: "I found this on de top shelf in de room, m'm. Once I found a man's laundry up dere an' he give me half a dollar."

Finally they and the pudding, by this time riding their necks like a Nemesis, came to a little inn in the old Connecticut town where Thomas had been born and reared. One side of their room was occupied by an old-fashioned brick fireplace. The chimney was old and there were big cracks between the bricks.

"Now," said Sarah, "I'm going to get rid of it."

She crumbled the pudding into tiny flakes of rice, her husband sitting by helplessly. Then she put a chair into the fireplace opening and climbed up on it. A handful at a time she stuffed that pudding into the cracks between the bricks on the inside of the chimney.

"Perhaps," said Sarah, when she was through, "perhaps the chimney swallows will find it."

"Thank heaven," said her husband, fervently, "What should I have done without you?"—Chicago Tribune.

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MORE SIMPLE DRESS.

Plea for Less Elaborate Costuming and for Practical Selection of Wearing Apparel.

"I wish some one would start an idea by which we could dress really well without having to pay such enormous prices for a well-cut garment," said a frugal but wealthy woman the other day. "You cannot go to an ordinary dressmaker unless you are rich, for, in the end, your clothes cost more; the bodice is a misfit, or the hang of the skirt is wrong, or there is a certain indescribable something wanting about the whole thing that stamps it as 'no class.' It wears out in no time, and you are always in the unhappy state of being fitted for something new. If we could only find a way out of this—have fewer costumes, and have them well cut and of good materials—it would be, undoubtedly, the cheapest and most satisfactory in the long run. I saw a very pretty evening dress lately that struck me could be easily made at home with the help of a clever maid, and yet it had a style all of its own. It was of cream Brussels net made over pale blue taffetas. The skirt was full from the waist and had an accordion-plated flounce about ten inches wide. This had a very prettily designed pattern at the lower edge, sewn on all round in cream chenille. Just above the flounce and on the net itself this same design was carried out on a larger scale, with, at intervals, twisted loops of the chenille dropping down and almost meeting the lower trimming. Then the chenille was carried up in graceful waving lines to the waist, also at regular intervals. The pretty draped bodice, forming a point back and front, was trimmed to correspond with the skirt lines and a fichu of net edged with a narrow plaited fringe, also worked in the chenille pattern. The underskirt was of cream chiffon, with full frills to set the skirt out properly. It was not a French gown, and yet it had a cachet quite apart."

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Good Excuse for the Moon.

"Science has proven," said the professor of astronomy, "that there is no water at all in the moon. Now, what do you deduce from that?"

"That there is no excuse for the moon," replied the freshman, "for its getting full so regularly."—Philadelphia Press.

It has been decided by the courts of New Jersey that if a householder takes his cook to run out and get liver and bacon for breakfast, and she takes a tumble on the ice while running, he is liable for doctor's bill and damages. The prudent man will wake up his wife and send her—Chicago Daily News.

A wise man said: "Yes, stick to your fannels, even until they stick to you." And to this let it be added, for the benefit of the impulsive: Put not too much faith in preventives at 15 cents per—Indianapolis News.

In the Spring.

Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.—Mrs. H. C. Hart, of this place, says:

"For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and kidney treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used."

"I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger today than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement."

The statement of Mrs. Hart is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families.

A Berlin professor claims to have discovered a serum that will cure hay fever. And a host of sufferers may be expected to remark next August that they "hobnob" with the "dust."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Galveston Announces Arrangements for Northern Settlers' Convention Complete.

The Galveston Business Men's Club advises that all arrangements are completed looking to the entertainment of visitors to the Northern Settlers' Convention, April 21, 22 and 23, and already quarters are being assigned to those thoughtful enough to make arrangements of this character in advance of their coming. The Auditorium, with a seating capacity of 7,000, has been provided with additional chairs, vessels having been chartered for a trip on the Gulf, and an inspection of the largest shipping docks in the world. Thirty miles of magnificent beach drive-way will be one of the attractions to visitors from interior States. The Southern Pacific Industrial Exhibit will be installed in the Auditorium and visitors will have an opportunity of studying the products of Texas during the four sessions, everything being free. Round trip tickets at low rates will be on sale from your station Tuesday, April 18.

The round trip ticket to St. Louis will be only \$15. Proportionately low rates from all points. Address E. W. La Beaume, G. P. & T. A., Cotton Belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

When a man is financially embarrassed he is apt to feel sorry that he has friends who only feel sorry for him.—Chicago Daily News.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOUR.

Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura—Scratched Day and Night.

"My scalp was covered with little pimples, and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. Now my head is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since, and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 309 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J."

Sometimes a man is despised for 20 or 30 years because he is so stingy, and then envied all the rest of his life because he is so rich.—Somerville Journal.

Great Activity.

Is shown without any disagreeable after-effects, by Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin, in going to the seat of your trouble, when you are a victim of Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Dizziness, etc. It gently but firmly drives out the poisons that are causing your illness, and braces up all your internal organs to do their proper work. Try it. Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

The Japanese may not be great artists, but they certainly know how to change maps.—Chicago Chronicle.

For Quick Relief from Rheumatism.

Pains, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Weakness, or Blood and Nerve Diseases use Pusheck's Kuro. It has no bad after effects, is perfectly safe, does not contain any injurious ingredients, relieves those who are overworked or exhausted, dispels headache, induces restful sleep. You can depend upon it every time. No other medicine like it.

Speaking of the smoke nuisance, how about the campaign cigar?—Chicago Chronicle.

If your stomach troubles you at any time take "Stomachic." Will relieve you at once and cure you. Save druggists' profits. Sold only direct—delivered to you for \$1.00. Stomachic Co., Sturgis, Mich.

When a man is starving it is a poor time to talk to him about his soul.—The Commoner.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Even if success is coming to you the chances are that you will have to meet it at least half way.—Puck.

Write for latest catalog of the Remington Standard Typewriter, 710 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Concerts are a nice thing to keep a man from having a good time.—N. Y. Press.

Smokers find Lewis' "Single Binder" straight St. Cigar better quality than most low brands. Lewis, Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Cold facts often cause hot arguments.—Chicago Daily News.

Dainty Vanilla Wafers.

Will send in the recipe, although it has been printed so many times. One cupful of sugar, two-thirds cupful butter, four tablespoonfuls sweet milk, one tablespoonful vanilla, one egg, one-half teaspoonful cream tartar, two-thirds teaspoonful soda. Flour to roll very thin. Cut in very small fancy shapes. I made a chocolate cake by your recipe this morning, and it looks very nice. Shall "sample" it to-night. Thanks for recipe.

Pineapple Lemonade.

Pineapple lemonade is delicious to serve at an evening party. It is remarkably refreshing after dancing. Grate a large pineapple and add to it the juice of four lemons. Make a sirup of a pint of sugar and a pint of water. Boil the sirup, and when it is cool pour it over the pineapple. Let it stand for several hours, and then put in a punch bowl with a large piece of ice, and add a sufficient quantity of water, aerated preferred.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* Use For Over Thirty Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 NUNN STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniform